THE COMPLAINT OF THE POOR,

Being Deprived of their former way of Living, by the Uncharitable Laws, lately made against Begging.

The first Cry.

Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit --- *Juven.*

Printed for the Godly to Consider the Poors Case. 1711.

The Pitiful Complaint of the POOR.

YE Rulers all, both Great and Small,
me think ye ſtand no aw,
To trouble and oppreſs the Poor,
by this your new coin'd Law.
In *Judah* and in *Iſrael*
of Old have Poor Men been,
Who were allow'd by Divine Law
Fields and Vineyards to glean.

They might not wholly reap their Corn:
as ye may read and ſee,
But part of them leave to the Poor, *Deut.* 24.
that he may live with thee. 20. 19
If they by chance forget o're night *Levit.*
on Fields a Sheaf of Corn, 19. 9
Unto that Sheaf the Poor had right, & 23. 22
to bring it home the morn.

And ſuch as could not ſee nor walk, *John* 9. 6
we read have likewiſe been,
Who begged by the High way ſide,
becauſe they could not Glean.
But now, alas! that Laws made void,
the loſs is ours therefore,
They'le neither ſuffer us to glean,
nor beg from door to door.

From Poor Mens crys the ſtop their ears,
and cloſe their Eyes do they,
Their ſtubborn words to Beggars tears,
their hardned hearts bewray.

To some they gave a little thing,
their Favourites yet more:
But such their Wisdoms who displease,
their Names quite out they score.

Judas pretends more Charity, *John* 12.
than any of the Rest, 5. 6.
Yet was a Traitor in his heart,
for all that he profest:
He was a Thief, and bear the Bag,
and all that was therein:
But yet he car'd not for the Poor,
the greater was his sin.

Ye Kirk-men who did undertake,
us Beggars to maintain;
One day, be sure, Account ye'le make,
what Stewards ye have been,
God's Law Commands, *we shall not Steal* *Exod*
it's Just and Equal too, 20. 15
Your Law commands, *we shall not Begg*;
alas! what shall we do?

For Cold and Hunger cause our grief,
'gainst which we cannot Fend:
If shortly we get not Relief,
our Lives must take an end.
Your Wisdoms now have raised Stents,
which sore the People grieve,
And such as pay not willingly,
from them ye poynd and Rieve,
But we would ask at you with leave,
Precept or Practice found,
Where ever Charity was forc'd,
or yet the Poor was bound?
Begin, Sirs at the *Genesis*,
Read all the *Bible* throw,

Fin

Find Precept or Example there,
that will your Deeds allow,
For *Chriſt* who is the Truth, hath ſaid, *John.*
we alwiſe Poor ſhall have, 6. 12.
Who from our Doors ſhall never ceaſe
ſupply from us to crave.
But now, forſooth, your Wiſdoms ſay,
that ye will us Diſcharge,
And for our Maintenance cauſe men
their Charity enlarge.
And force them pay under the pain
of poinding and of more,
The like in *Scotland* was not ſeen
theſe Thouſand Years before:
To force men pay unto the poor
more than Abilitie;
Let all the World Hear and Judge
If this be Charitie?
Th' Afflicted's cauſe *God* will mantain. *Pſa.*
and right of all his poor 140.
Our cauſe is good, *God* Mighty is,
our victory is ſure.
The Poor ſhall not ceaſe from the Land,
although at them ye grieve:
Then open, Sirs, your Scattering Hand,
and grudge not when ye give.
For he that giveth to the poor *Pro.*
unto the Lord doth lend, 16.
On all that Man's Affairs, be ſure
GOD will his Bleſſing ſend.
Let ſuch as will no Mercy ſhew, *Jame.*
for Juſtice them prepare, 2.
Without a mixture, that's for you,
as Scripture doth declare. *Bewa.*

Beware then of our Guiltleſs Blood,
and let the Poor alone:
There will be Beggars in the Land
when ye are dead and gone.
And Thieves and Rogues will never ceaſe
for ought that we can do;
The Godly poor if ye them wrong,
Judgment will follow you.

ince Widows, Poor, and Fatherleſs,
ſo much of you complain,
Then Gracious *Lord* who ſees their caſe,
their Rights judge and maintain.
That Noble Grace of *Hamiltoun*
She gives much to the Poor:
ſhe knew how it's Deſtribute,
ſhew would be grieved ſure.

ll that her Grace doth in this Lan,
ſhe doth it for the beſt,
ut knows not how the poor are ſtarv'd,
yet people are oppreſt:
any ask, what way oppreſt?
or how this ſhall be kent?
he poor among them alwiſe Beg
though people pay the Stent.

n half-penny for every day,
on ſome they do allow,
nd other ſome an Atchiſon,
judge ye if they be ſow.
hen poor Folk Beg, they anſwer them,
ye ſhall get nought from me,
m not a fool to pay a fine
for giving your Supply.

et others will ſome Favour ſhew,
though it be very ſmall,

And

And ſay, thou'ſt not at my door ſit,
when down we're like to fall.
We wander thus from houſe to houſe,
when it is dark and late;
We Mourn, we Cry, and make a Noiſe,
no Lodging we can get.

Some are found dead into the Fields,
ſome Swoon upon the Street,
And other ſome are ſtarv'd to Death,
for fault of Cloaths and Meat:
Lay down a way us to preſerve,
or elſe let us alone:
Though we be poor our Blood will cry,
when we are dead and gone.

The Lord the poor did not forget,
when he did give the Law,
Our Charter *Moſes* then did write,
we have it yet to ſhaw.
Judicial Laws ſhould be obſerved,
good Morals where they teach:
And what they ſay contrat to theſe,
doth no mans Conſcience reach.

This Fooliſh Law can find no ground
except what's very bare,
For Law and Goſpel both do ſound,
againſt it every where;
Chriſt ſaith, a Trumpet do not ſound
when Charity ye give:
But now a Sett of Men is found,
will not let Neighbours Live.

Except that they the Trumpet Blow,
they'le blow them to the Horn,
And poind their Plates and Stoups alſo,
if they their Orders ſcorn.

Again, let not your left Hand know *Matt.*
what your right Hand doth give, 6: 3.
What ye of your Charity beſtow
give freely do not grieve.

But now mens Names enrolled be.
(ye know, it's beſt be ſure)
That alltheir Neighbours hear and ſee
what they give to the poor.
Once more, the Scripture doth adviſe 2 *Cor.*
for readineſs of will, 8 12.
In giving Alms, or otherwiſe
our Charity we Spill.

If there be firſt a willing mind,
it is enough we hear,
To give according as we find
our want or wealth can bear.
Becauſe, he ſaith a Cup of Water *Mat*
beſtow'd upon the poor, 10: 42
When honeſt hearts can give no better,
ſhall be rewarded ſure.

But now we want our ſop and bit,
which often did us good,
Yet Givers not oppreſt by it,
we'le make this underſtood;
Cold Pottage, Broth, or Bits of Bread,
where Cats perhaps had piſt,
Did very oft relieve our need,
and yet were never miſt.

Yea Six did give us Meat and Drink,
where one gave us a boddle;
So theſe new Beggar Laws we think,
bred in an empty noddle.
For ſome do ſee ſince for the poor
they rais'd this fooliſh Stent, Their

Their Meat was bleſt to them before,
but now a Curſe is in't.

And ſome for ſhame have promiſed more
than well they can allow,
Their Stocks exhauſted are ſo ſore
and almoſt ſpent we trow:
Yet ſtrive to keep a fair out ſide
for fear their Credits crack,
And Labour thus their caſe to hide,
leaſt all ſhould go to Wrack.

Bnt theſe Corroſive Stents do gnaw
their Purſſes to the bone,
This miſchief fram'd into a Law
hurts not the poor alone.
The Scripture ſaith, with-hold not good from him to whom it's due: *Prov.* 3. 17.
This paſſage now is underſtood
and done by very few.

That help ye ought us, Sirs, we might
from this place fully prove,
Not only from the Law of Right,
but from the Law of Love,
But yet, we fear, ſome Churle might ſay,
proud Beggars get you gone:
What intereſt in my means have they?
are not my goods my own?

I got my wealth by no mans wrong,
I earn'd it with my ſweat,
Should ſtrangers then come in among
my Fortune and Eſtate?
And Lazie, Luſie Rogues, ſhould ſpend,
my ſubſtance and my ſtore,
Who ſeek no Honeſt way to fend,
but Skip from door to door. Such

Such Gaberlunzie-men as they,
no Charity ſhould have:
But whip them twice or thrice a day,
when they their Dinner crave.
If this done, this Land might ſoon
from Beggars cryes be free;
And *Scotland* ſoon might change her Tune,
if we once this might ſee.

Its true, Sir, you may pleaſe your ſelf
with ſuch a Merry Cant,
Becauſe you have a Penny Pelff,
which Poor Men now do want.
But had we Money in our Purſe,
then we might reaſon thus;
And Rich Men we could plague and curſe,
who now do hunger us.

Come change your Lots a while with ours,
ſince ye our Eaſe envy:
Take ye our Dinners, give us yours,
the beſt way is to try.
Come every cold and ſtormy Night,
give us your Chamber fire,
Take ye the Sheep-houſe never dight,
or take the Barn or Byre.

Come take our Tatt'red Louzie Rags,
we'll better Cloaths put on:
Then Sirs, we fear for all your Brags,
ye ſoon wou'd change your Tone.
Your well fed Cheeks, we fear, ſhould then
grow pale, as ours are now,
When Death his Picture with a Pen
had drawn upon your Brow.

Were ye but lodged half a Year,
as ſome of us have been

In

In houſes wanting fire; we fear,
a change would ſoon be ſeen.
Its eaſie, Sirs, for you to crack
and prat againſt the Poor:
Your Reaſons are not worth a Plack
in God's ſight, we are ſure.

Ye ſay that poor Men ſhould not beg,
leſt Rich men take offence,
That Reaſon is not worth a fig,
to any Man of Sence.
When JESUS went from *Jericho*, *Mar*
(the Story well is known) 9. 49
Great Multitudes did with Him go,
as Scripture hath us ſhown.

Blind *Bartimeus* got his ſight,
but no Reproof at all
For Begging, though the LORD had Right
him to account to call.
From whence an Obſervation we
may draw for our Relief,
Which may for Conſolation be
'gainſt Poverty and Grief.

Poor *Lazarus*, Lepers, Bedlam, Blind,
and other ſorts alſo,
Without a Cure we allways find
did never from Him go.
Whereas the Lawyers and the Lairds,
and others like the ſame,
Who tempted CHRIST by flattering fairds,
went oft times as they came.

If ſome of us be lame, and halt,
and ſo unfit to digg,
Why ſhould your Wiſdoms then find fault
with us becauſe we beg.

If ſome of us be come to Years,
and yet we nothing have:
Should ye bring down our old gray hairs
with Hunger to the Grave?

Again, if ſome of us be Young,
(and younger none can wiſh)
Alas! ſhall we be always dung
with Hunger in our Diſh?
If ſome of us have held a Houſe,
with grief and care perplext,
With leſs Meat than would ſtarve a Mouſe:
Sirs, what ſhall we do next?

For if we take the Prick and Sheet,
and Staff into our hands,
We dare not now be ſeen on Street,
in City or in Lands.
For by and by *John ſcourge the Poor*,
or elſe the *Hangman's* Son,
Doth cudgel us from Door to Door,
as we had Miſchief done.

So we who ſometimes wont to bleſs
the Rich Man as our Father,
Are thus provocked now to wiſh
them hanged all together.
Where its deſerved, all confeſs
the Poor Man's Curſe is ſad,
And often hits; Sirs, ye may gueſs
Oppreſſion make us mad.

We gather Weeds among the Corn,
this is but ſmall Reliefs;
And yet for Pity we get Scorn,
which adds unto our Grief.
Such filthy Traſh corrupts our Blood;
our Humour's poiſon'd too,

Yet

Yet doth our Stomach little good,
Ah! Sirs, what ſhall we do?

That this is true, the Land knows well,
we ſpeak it as it is:
Yea, ſome who neither Beg nor Steal,
have follow'd us in this,
Who ſuch a ſober Shift did take,
when Richer ſort did did ſleep.
We think ſuch ſad Complaints ſhould make
even Hearts of Stone to weep.

And thus through Summer's ſcorching Heat,
our Way theſe Years hath been;
We thought that all things taſted ſweet,
if they were only green.
Ay waiting till *Autumnus* ſhould
make Fruits in caſe to pull:
If that were come, we thought we would
get Pocks and Pockets full.

So ſome went Northward to *Falkirk*,
from thence down to *Dunderſſe*,
And then when once the Nights grew mirk,
we ſpread down through the *Kerſe*;
This Spot doth ly like *Goſhen* Land,
both good and Fertile is,
Nature it ſelf cannot command
a Richer Soil than this.

But yet we need not like it well,
we got not leave to lurk,
Becauſe *Ægyptians* there do dwell
more ſavage than the Turk;
Theſe Sons of *Anak* did us ſcar
and chace away with eaſe,
Who watch like *Judas*, Men of War,
to chaſe us from the Peaſe.

e ſilly Souls came creeping home,
and this was all we got.
t all did not return, for ſome
did fall upon the ſpot,
nd did not riſe, nor never will,
untill the Jungment Day.
hen Rich ſhall ſee, Poor Men to kill
hath been no pleaſant Play.

heſe Broſie Fellows thought that we
were as well fill'd with Meat
s they; when every Man may ſee
we nothing have to eat:
ur Harveſt, Winter, and our Spring,
and Summers are alike:
e can foreſee no other thing
but die, Sirs, by a Dyke!

ut yet our Gentlemen and Lairds,
who care not for the Poor,
an ſpend their Guineas at the Cards,
or yet upon a Whore.
hile not reform'd from Drink and Play,
and ſuch Vain Converſation,
ow can Your Wiſdoms think or ſay
this is a Reformation?

irk men who ſhould the Poor preſerve,
who to their Cure belong,
ave found a way the Poor to ſtarve,
Sirs, is not this a Wrong?
hey call us Idle, Vagant Lowns,
when at their Gates we yell:
nd ſome of them do knock our crowns,
although we dare not tell.

Sirs, ye may think this is a Lye,
and forg'd out of Envy;

But yet it can inſtructed be,
if ye the Matter try.
But what's the hazard how we die,
by Hang man, or by Prieſts?
We will no more regarded be
than we were Brutal Beaſts.

When thus our Souls wear out at laſt,
they lay us on a Borrow,
Us and our Rags in holes they caſt,
thus ends our Earthly ſorrow:
But well are they who died before,
for they who ſtay behind,
Muſt dye a thouſand Deaths and more,
while thus with Hunger pin'd.

Some got a Three pence in a Week,
and other ſome got leſs,
When Meal gave Twenty pence a Peck,
how we liv'd ye may gueſs:
It is no wonder, we confeſs,
your Projects backward go;
For Poor Mens Bowels do not bleſs
as they were wont to do.

Its true, the *Biſhops* as a Weed
from this Church caſt ye have;
Yet *Biſhop weed*, believ't indeed,
keeps ſome Folk from their Grave:
For were it not that Stinking Weed,
our Pots would play right thin;
Yea nothing, Sirs, our Guts to feed,
at all would be therein.

But *Prelacy* on *Engliſh* Ground
brings Plenty as we ſee;
While *Biſhop-weed*, as we have found,
brought SCOTLAND's Miſerie.

Now

ow ſince that Noxious Weed is caſt
out of the LORD's Vineyard,
hat can the Cauſes be at laſt,
He doth not us regard?

heſe Years of Dearth we may be ſure
have not come on by gueſs,
dge as ye will, we who are poor,
at leaſt can think no leſs.
en are complaining now a days,
of ſharpneſs of the Rod:
t few diſcerning how their ways
diſpleaſing are to GOD.

f many cauſes, ye may ſay
it's one among the reſt,
hat we poor Beggars, once a day
no Thankfulneſs expreſt:
hen White and Gray Meal Pocks were full,
and we no hardſhip felt,
ith GOD who gave us Wealth at will
ingratefully we dealt.

e grant that is a ſober Truth,
though jocundly expreſt,
t yet to ſtop the Beggars mouth,
do not conceal the reſt.
ye the Argument retort,
believe it, ſo can we,
r poor Folk when they come athort,
no other thing could ſee.

ſtead of Bibles in your hands,
we ſaw a Stock of Cards,
s fitter than the Ten Commands
for Gentlemen and Lairds:
nd ſome of you have plaid ſo long,
and *Beaſted* it, we ſee;

Now

No

No ſober Man comes you among
but muſt infected be.

Inſtead of GOD, ye *Bachus* ſerv'd,
(now tell us if we lie)
So that Religion being ſtarv'd,
at laſt did from you flee:
Inſtead of Prayers and of Praiſe,
your Throats did ſound like Hell,
With Blaſphemies both Nights and Dayes,
and words we will not tell.

Ye perſecuted Honeſt folks,
who could not do as ye,
Yet think them now ſuch ſilly Gouks,
as thus deluded be:
Ye think becauſe ye come and hear,
they ſhould repute you Saints,
Who fill'd the Land but t' other year
with all their ſad Complaints.

Your Doublet, Sirs, lets out and in
as ſelfiſh intereſt goes,
Though for a while ye do begin
as Friends, ye'le end as Foes.
What ye have done Remember then,
againſt both Bond and Vow:
We're ſure ye will prove honeſt men,
e're ſome believe you now.

There are among you, Sirs, who think
your ſelves far ben, we're ſure:
Who yet can Dance, and Spew, and Drink
and Curſe, and Play the Whore.
Of Old the Curious *Bethſhemites* 1 Sam
by Fifty Thouſand fell: 6. 19
If ſo, ye furious *Iſhmaelites*,
what waits you who can tell?

e who like *Edom's* woful brood *Obadiah*
God's People Captive led, throughout
ho in the Croſs ways often ſtood
o hew them down that fled,
pick up ſuch as did remain
who raiſed the *Hue* and *Cry*,
ſtead of grief, whoſe hearts were fain
t their Calamity.

Gentlemen to ſave your Riggs,
e Countrey men your Hogs,
t greater men ſhould judge you Whiggs
id haunt like *Spaniel Dogs*.
t Principle which ye cry'd down,
n former Tyrants Reign
r Wiſdoms now are made to own,
ut with a worſe deſign.

r ill raiſed Fortunes ſome men ſee,
is day are mouldring down:
otherwiſe how can it be,
ce GOD on them doth frown?
t man who gave the *Covenant*,
t from his hand to burn;
GOD his Judgements did not want,
s means to overturn.

ſe ſtately Lands in Sixteen hours,
Rubbiſh turned were:
tell us, Sirs, pray what is yours
t Wrath ye ſhould not fear?
that Fire as Various men,
ir Sentiments expreſt,
Beggars our politicks then
ought forth among the reſt.

cloſ'd their Ports againſt the Poor;
d ſet at them a Guard:

To keep the Beggars out: be ſure,
this was a due Reward.
Edinburgh that Night get far more ill,
than Beggars many one,
'Twixt *Abby*, and the *Caſtle-Hill*,
by Begging could have done.

The place where firſt the Fire began,
was where they ſold the Meal:
Where Mongers many Curſes wan,
made many Begg and ſteal.
But here it's beſt due bounds to keep,
our Tongues ſhould ſpeak with fear;
GOD's Judgments are ſo great a deep,
we rather ſhoutd forbear.

Beſides, we do not throughly know,
what *Covenants* do mean?
How far their Obligations go?
nor why they fram'd have been?
For Pulpits gave no Certain Sound,
that Ignorance to cure:
Their Wiſdoms other work have found,
to Perſecute the Poor.

Mean time their fancy ſtrangely vents,
as oft they find occaſion,
To tattle ov'r their Sentiments,
of former Reformation.
Some call our Vows the Bonds of ſtrife,
(which Young Men chiefly do,)
Who ſcarce have read them all their Life,
and yet Reformers too.

Though others of them all are clear,
(if Men may them believe,)
Their Burial never brought a tear,
nor did their breach them grieve:

Yea ſome Profeſſors will not want,
whatever may befall,
Their tippling Kan for *Covenant*,
Church Government and all.

Some grant the *Covenants* were good
and therefore ſhould be lov'd,
Yet ill Manag'd, occaſion'd Blood,
Experience hath prov'd:
For ſtill Malignants took a Rant,
and ſakeleſs Blood did ſpill
When we renewed the *Covenant*,
and this ye know did ill.

Therefore our Wiſdoms judge it beſt
as matters now do ſtand,
To Bury them, and let them reſt,
and not diſturb the Land,
Yea we reſolve, for good nor ill,
nor to diſpleaſe the Pow'rs:
But let the Great Men take their will
ſince we cannot get ours.

Parliament now when it ſits,
ſhould us command to Swear,
The *Covenant*: why, then it fits
our minds, the Caſe is clear.
But if their Wiſdoms good ſhall find,
(as no doubt but they will)
Acts againſt it to reſcind,
but let them all ſtand ſtill.

What would Schiſmaticks have us do,
who ſee the caſe thus goes?
We want both Will and Courage too,
their doings to oppoſe.
We do confeſs, its bloody cryes,
which Mens wit now diſdains,

Increaſe

In creaſe our fears, it yet may riſe,
and pay us for our pains.

Theſe *Covenants* ſeem Bits of paper,
if Juſtice were come forth.
Their price, we fear, prove little cheaper
than ſome Mens Necks are worth.
But yet when all is come and gone,
it's beſt to hold our peace,
For other Help we ſee there's none
in ſuch a tickliſh caſe.

We ſhould learn wit from what is paſt,
and ſtill more Paakie grow,
So what we have, we may keep faſt,
it is enough ye know;
This is a Controverted point,
'twixt us and other ſome:
But Unity we'le not disjoint,
whatever caſe may come.

Some ſay, there are ſome faults to mend,
which may be helped too:
But what! Complaints will never end,
what therefore ſhall we do?
Shall Men of wit go draw to Factions?
then ſhortly all ſhould be.
In Hurly-Burlies and Diſtractions:
the thing is clear ye ſee.

Whether ſuch Tales be hot or Cold,
we Poor Folk cannot tell:
Or if their Arguments do hold,
theſe Reaſons who Refell,
By ſaying, Truth gives alwiſe Beauty,
to Union where it is:
Conſpiracy is not a Duty,
in ſuch a Courſe as this.

It is well known to all theſe Lands,
what we Engaged to do;
How *Scotland* ſware with lifted hands,
Sates Men, and Church Men too,
To own that Covenanted cauſe,
with Life, Goods, and Eſtate,
Which had the Sanction of the Laws,
which now are out of date:

How Reſolutions brought in,
(whence ſprang the Churches tears)
The cauſe of all, the Noiſe and din,
hath been theſe many years.
Malignants then, that bloody crew,
by this ſo proud were grown,
Our Covenants they brunt, and ſlew
all who the ſame did own.

Yet all they did had not the force,
Mens Courage to impare,
Till ſome devis'd that *Trojan* horſe,
Indulgence, for a ſnare:
When *Gilead Balm* came to cure
the Church of her diſtreſs,
And Coy-Ducks did the wild allure,
and gain'd ay more or leſs.

Malignants then ſent forth Dragoons,
brought poor Men in as prizes;
Profeſſing *Presbyterian* Lowns
did ſit on their Aſſizes:
Yea Miniſters (alas therefore)
herein gave great offence,
By growing ſilent more and more
With prudence for pretence.

When Curates Sermons did no good,
to any who went nearthem,

But

But did deprive poor Souls of food,
yet Miniſters did hear them:
If every one had done as they,
and made no greater ſtirs:
In what caſe had we been this day,
by all appearance, Sirs?

Ye prove, or ye aſſert it rather
ye now ſay what ye will:
Ye are miſtaken Ghoſtly Father,
but do not take it ill:
Theſe men who have not yet comply'd,
Schiſmaticks cannot be,
For if the caſe were duely try'd,
impartial men might ſee;

The Arguments for your defence,
which in this caſe ye bring,
To Thinking-men bear as good ſenſe,
ye worſe in every thing:
As put the caſe, that *Glaſgow* Steeple
ſhould in a windie Night,
Fall down on Houſes and the People,
which were a dreadful Sight.

Yet confidently cry, a Hollow,
theſe ſtones which yet do ſtand,
Schiſmaticks are, that will not follow:
let's all go hand in hand.
It's true ſomes Conſcience makes no bones,
if thereby gain they get,
To lift theſe old Foundation ſtones
our firſt Reformers ſet.

Yea will Malignants Juſtify,
rather than ſuch as ſtood
For truth and Mankind's Liberty
reſiſting unto Blood;

could not at Defection wink
others basely did;
need not prove it, for we think
ese things cannot be hid.

n tales as these we sometimes hear
hen we a Begging go;
yet indeed we are not clear
any of the two:
no man's ill thats good to us,
ofess, Sirs, what he will:
well if we could purchase thus
r Backs and Bellies full.

t part of us do where we Lodge
mply with the Good-man:
of his Graces do not Judge
nether he bless or ban,
bid fill our empty Dishes,
d in a house us lay,
give him many empty Wishes,
d so we come our way.

now its time we end our speech,
thin a verse or two:
ong enough to dight a breech,
e way we fear it go,
ir Complaints no hearing get,
r all that we can say;
must content our selves and wait,
ntill another day.

is indeed our day of Hunger,
hich nips and bites us sore:
day of Thirst to come is longer,
some for evermore,
know Objections that are brought,
ould have been answer'd here;

Which

Which to have done we alſo thought,
but yet we muſt forbear.
It's neither, Sirs, for want of Rime,
nor yet for want of Reaſon:
But we muſt chooſe another time,
more now is out of Seaſon,
Yet this may be a help to ſome,
to light their pipe, *ſi placet*;
Since it a proverb is become,
pauper ubique jacet.

FINIS.

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